

POETICAL TRIFLES.

11602.e.36

WRITTEN

1-6.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

SERIOUS AND COMIC.

By EDWARD TRAPP PILGRIM, Esq.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. DEBRETT, OPPOSITE BUR-
LINGTON-HOUSE, IN PICCADILLY. 1785.



ADVERTISEMENT.

MANY of the following little poems, written on various occasions, have, from the temporary nature of the subject, been sent to some periodical publications, particularly the European Magazine, and the Morning Post. The same circumstance, of their being in general composed with a view to some recent transaction, has induced the author to collect them together with many others that have not yet appeared in print, and offer them in their present rude and unpolished state to the public.

To

To select and finish, to revise and correct, is the business of those who aspire to solid fame, and mean that their works should reach posterity ; but as the author of the *bagatelles* contained in this little volume has no such aim or pretensions, he trusts that while he exempts himself from the Horatian precept, the candid indulgence of the reader will secure him from the severity of rigid criticism.

POETICAL TRIFLES.

ON HAIR-POWDER BEING DISCARDED BY THE
LADIES.

WRITTEN AFTER THE CONCLUSION OF THE
LATE PEACE.

SINCE the blessings of peace have again reach'd
our isle,

And crown'd us with happy repose ;
Our powder and shot lie neglected awhile,
In reserve for our insolent foes.

But our beautiful girls, still to mischief inclin'd,
Have only the powder thrown by ;
More fatal than ever, the shot we now find,
Unerring that dart from their eye !

Yet spare us, sweet damsels, nor kill us outright,
 Let the banners of peace be display'd ;
 And with conquest let clemency ever unite,
 'To heal the dread wounds you have made !

M I D S U M M E R E V E .

MAJESTIC, lo ! yon setting Sun,
 In beauteous pomp declines ;
 See, how the West with crimson glows,
 Streak'd with refulgent lines !

Behold how Nature to its rest,
 Each being seems t'invite ;
 The nightingale's melodious song,
 Sweet song ! proclaims the night.

E'en now, pale Luna's placid orb,
 Yields us her silver rays ;
 Whilst all around the evening breeze,
 In pleasing softness plays !

Now, to their mansions go the great,
 The peasants to the vale ;
 Each lover to his fair one now
 Repeats the tender tale !

THE

THE NAP.

AS Dick his usual nap was taking,
 (The dinner just remov'd ;)
 Charlotte, ever brisk and waking,
 All dosing disapprov'd.

From Dick, who still somnif'rous kept,
 This answer she receiv'd ;
 " Charlotte, if man had never * slept
 " No woman e'er had liv'd !"

Pertly, the little slut replies,
 " How much from *us* you reap ;
 " But for our sex to ope your eyes,
 " You would for ever sleep !

THE AIR BALLOON.

BY land let them travel, as many as list,
 And by sea, those who like the hard fare ;
 In an airy balloon whilst I sit at my ease,
 And pleasantly glide thro' the air !

* Genesis.

B 2

Round

Round this globe is the farthest they ever can reach,
 Let them travel night, morning, and noon ;
 Such excursions as these, are but mere bagatelles,
 When compar'd with a trip to the Moon !

In my chariot aerial, how pleasing to ride,
 And see my good friends in the stars,
 Take a breakfast with Merc'ry, and dine if I please,
 With Jupiter, Saturn, or Mars !

And should I fatigued, or wearisome prove,
 Whilst from planet to planet I'm dodging ;
 With Venus, I'm welcome to tarry all night——
 Where on earth can you find such a lodging ?

I M P R O M P T U

DURING A LONG TEDIOUS SERMON.

MY very good friend,
 Pray come to an end,
 And let us, “ in peace now depart ;”
 For sermons so long,
 Are like an old song,
 Too much to be gotten by heart !

THE

THE MONTH OF MAY.

I.

NATURE, now rais'd from Winter's couch,
 Puts on her brightest, best array ;
 Creation welcomes her approach,
 And hails the chearful month of May !

II.

Phœbus, his chariot nearer drives,
 Gives life and vigour by each ray ;
 All animation now revives,
 Wak'd by the genial month of May !

III.

No piercing colds, or chilling blast,
 Bear o'er the earth their rigid sway ;
 The storms are over, gone, and past,
 And left serene the month of May !

IV.

Verdant, around the prospect glows,
 (Of bounteous Heav'n a rich display ;)
 And flowers their various sweets disclose,
 To deck the pleasing month of May !

V.

Sweet warblers, raising loud their song,
Perch'd on each new enliven'd spray,
Notes fraught with melody prolong,
To harmonize the month of May!

VI.

The lambkins round their bleating ewes,
In antic dance and sportive play;
Their little tributes can't refuse,
To celebrate the month of May!

VII.

With joy the farmer views his lands,
His looks all jocund, blyth, and gay;
And sees the toil of lab'ring hands,
Rewarded in the month of May!

THE ORIGIN OF LOVE.

WHEN Heav'n to mortal man would give,
Some treasure from above,
A jewel dropt—on earth it fell,
And here was called Love!

LINES TO A COUNTRY FRIEND ON THE DEATH
OF HIS WIFE.

THE absence of so dear a friend to mourn,
Is but a tribute unto Nature due ;
Brutal are those, who ev'ry tie disown,
Or cease their loss to sympathize with you !

But still, to frantic grief we ne'er should yield,
Or at th' Almighty will so long repine :—
Calmly, thy lesson take from yonder field,
Where Nature's works to teach thee will combine.

Those trees behold, which now from foliage bare,
No pleasing prospect to our eyes afford ;
Stern Winter's death they all united share,
And piercing cold presides their sovereign Lord !

Yet, when the Spring its genial warmth displays,
Each opening bud new beauties shall disclose ;
And when bright Sol emits his chearful rays,
All Nature with unbounded verdure glows !

So shall her soul, by Resurrection's pow'r,
With new born vigour soar beyond the skies ;
Cease then (like her) to mourn the parting hour.
And know—thy loss was her eternal prize !

ON DR. GRAHAM'S CELEBRATED LECTURE IN
THE TEMPLE OF HEALTH.

WHEN Ab'ram, tho' but just five-score,
By Sarah had a child,
At nothing could they marvel more,
A miracle 'twas stil'd !

But our good Doctor clears the way,
To many a stranger birth,
And proves that we, far older, may
With offspring fill the earth !

Nor only so, but laughs to scorn,
The former puny race ;
Our children shall possess when born,
Stout limbs and jolly face !

All hail ! great Doctor, then to thee,
For obligations weighty ;
We're boys and girls, at threescore three,
And in our prime at eighty !

Britain, through thee, shall boldly stand,
And bid the world defiance ;
What nation, but must dread the hand,
Of such a race of giants ?

But

But yet I fear, amidst all this
 Corporeal excellence,
 We still shall lack, to crown our bliss,—
 Thy matchless impudence !

ON A YOUNG LADY EXPRESSING HER PARTIALITY FOR THE WEEPING WILLOW.

FAR let the weeping willow rest,
 ('That melancholy tree ;)
 Nor sorrow ever be thy guest,
 Or find a home with thee !

But may the trees of joy and peace,
 Thy days with pleasure crown,
 And with thy years their fruits encrease,
 Unhurt by Fortune's frown !

ON THE AUTHOR'S OMITTING TO WRITE
 SOME LINES ON A YOUNG LADY, AGREE-
 ABLE TO PROMISE.

YOU think me not a poet then,
 Sweet, but provoking fair ?—
 I own I'm forc'd to drop the pen,
 When you the subject are !

No

No wonder ! Since your worth to show,
 Each bard must strike his lyre ;
Milton and *Pope* with ardour glow,
 And ev'ry Muse inspire !

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

STERN fullen Winter now is dead,
 Nor more his snows or frosts shall bring ;
 His unpropitious hoary head,
 Lies vanquish'd by the pow'r of Spring !

But see, "from out the tyrant's grave,
 New verdant beauties daily pour ;
 Each quiv'ring leaf which zephyrs wave,
 Rejoicing sings—" his reign is o'er !"

His death makes all creation glad,
 (Form'd but to kill and to destroy ;)
 'The fields in lively robes are clad,
 The hills and vallies shout for joy !

From off his head, they take the crown,
 And place on Summer's smiling brow ;
 All join their beauteous king to own,
 And all with patriot ardour glow !

Cloſe

Cloſe by his ſide in bright array,
 (Her locks with Flora's chaplet bound)
 Was plac'd the blooming Queen of May,
 And ſcatter'd odours all around !

ON THE WORD, NO.

BELINDA, ſweet girl; with a frown answer'd No,
 When Amander petition'd a kiſs ;
 Do you really ſay No?—again it was No,
 So it's plain that her meaning was, yes !

From this, we may learn, the firſt No not to mind,
 When to wedlock our charmers we preſs ;
 Make them ſay No and No, and perchance we may
 find,
 This dread No, twice repeated, is Yes !

EPITAPH ON AN OLD MAID.

TABBY, immaculate and pure,
 Who liv'd a ſpotleſs maid,
 From man, ne'er thought herſelf ſecure
 Till in her coffin laid !

Full

Full threescore years she stood the test,
Of all our sex's art ;
Not One could warm her icy breast,
Or melt her frozen heart !

Tho' long she kept her virgin state,
Death ravish'd her at last ;
She struggled, but, O ! cruel Fate,
He held poor Tabby fast !

I M P R O M P T U

IN HAMPSTEAD CHURCH—A VERY HOT DAY,
AND THE TEXT,

“ BEAR ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.”

“EACH other's burdens for to bear,”
If that's to be our lot ;
It should have been a Winter's text,
For Summer 'tis too hot !

L I N E S.

L I N E S.

YOU ask, why love's so great a foe to peace,
 And why a lover's pain should never cease?—
 First ask, why yonder rose which scents the morn,
 Should not as sweetly blow without a thorn?
 Or why those bees who loads of honey bring,
 Should bear so choice a sweet, so sharp a sting?

Haft thou not seen some bright, unclouded days,
 When Phœbus darts, unveil'd, his purest rays?
 Such constant sunshine, tho' itself benign,
 Tends but to make us senseless and supine;
 But shou'd some clouds at periods intervene,
 We hail with joy the Sun which shines between:
 So, tho' in love, some miseries we meet,
 His bitters serve but to enrich the sweet!

I M P R O M P T U

ON READING OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

IMPERIAL, great, Almighty Jove,
 Ev'n thou wast once subdued by love;
 No wonder then, that flesh and blood,
 Yields to that pow'r which rul'd a God!

COLIN

COLIN TO SYLVIA,

WITH A RIBBON.

ACCEPT, sweet girl, this ribbon gay,
And end a lover's fear ;
The rich, more costly vows may pay,
But cannot—more sincere !

T I M E.

OLD Father Time stands still for none,
This moment here, the next he's gone ;
And tho' you speak him e'er so kind,
He'll never lag one step behind ;
So if with him, good friends you'd be,
You e'en must run as fast as he !

LINES ON MR. PITT.

WHEN Chatham died, Britannia bow'd,
And mourn'd his absence long in vain ;
Till Heav'n another Pitt bestow'd,
And Chatham's spirit rais'd again !

LINES SENT UP WITH AN AIR BALLOON.

FROM Hampstead hill I took my flight,
 Exposed to public view ;
 With body light and * spirits bright,
 Quick thro' the air I flew !

But here, alas ! my rambles end,
 (Extinct my vital flame ;)
 So pray kind friend, your pity lend,
 And take me whence I came.

I M P R O M P T U

ON BEING LOCK'D IN AT KENSINGTON GARDENS, THE GATES OF WHICH ARE USUALLY SHUT AT NINE O'CLOCK.

FROM Paradise, Adam and Eve were shut out,
 As a punishment due to their sin ;
 But here, after nine should you loiter about.
 For your punishment you'll be shut in !

* The balloon was sent up with lighted spirits of wine,

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H

ON AN ITINERANT LINEN DRAPER.

COTTONS and Cambricks all adieu,
And Muslins too farewell ;
Plain, strip'd, and figur'd, old and new,
Three quarters, yard, or ell.

By yard and nail I've measur'd ye,
(As customers inclin'd ;)
The church yard now has measur'd me,
And nails my coffin bind !

But now my kind and worthy friends,
Who dealt with me below ;
I'm gone to measure Time's long ends——
You'll follow me I know !

EPIGRAM ON MICHAELMAS DAY.

FIVE thousand geese this day are doom'd to die,
O ! what a thinning of community !

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M

ON BLUSTER.

HOW kind has Nature unto Bluster been,
 Who gave him dreadful looks and dauntless mien;
 Gave tongue to swagger, eyes to strike dismay,
 And, kinder still, gave legs to run away!

L I N E S

ON MR. LUNARDI, THE FIRST PERSON WHO
 ASCENDED ALONE IN AN AIR BALLOON, AND
 THE FIRST WHO WENT UP IN ENGLAND.

WHEN brave Lunardi soar'd on high,
 And dangers boldly spurn'd;
 What breast but heav'd an anxious sigh,
 And wish'd him safe return'd?

Of heroes, Britain owns her share,
 In * Water, † Earth, and ‡ Flame;
 But yet no hero had in Air,
 Till great Lunardi came!

* Naval engagements. † Land engagements. ‡ Martyrs.

E P I G R A M

ON A CRITIC.

PHILOSOPHERS once liv'd we're told,
 Who ev'ry metal turn'd to gold ;
 But critics now, with keener head,
 Can turn the purest gold to lead !

ON MR. JUSTICE RUSSEL LEAVING ONE HUN-
 DRED POUNDS TO DR. GROSE TO WRITE HIS
 EPITAPH.

SAYS Charles, sure the Justice must mad be,
 odds zounds !
 To give for *one* epitaph so many pounds !
 Quoth Ned, you're mistaken, since ev'ry one knows,
 When the hundred he left, it was meant for a Grose !

THE GLOW - W O R M .

EACH glow-worm shines with lustre bright
 The sparkling diamond of the night ;
 But Nancy's eyes, with brighter ray,
 Are sparkling diamonds of the day !

L I N E S

L I N E S

ON THE PROSPECT WALK, HAMPSTEAD.

WHO, that from hence the op'ning landscape views,
 His thanks to bounteous Nature can refuse?
 The smiling country all around we see,
 Is checquer'd with a sweet variety;
 Those rising hills, where verdure never fails,
 Receive addition from the humate vales;
 And e'en yon heath, bespread with furzes o'er,
 Tends to enhance the distant prospect more!

But turn from those eccentric charms the sight,
 And view them in a smaller space unite;
 Where Nature with unusual lustre gleams,
 And to one focus draws her purest beams;
 Like some clear stream that on its surface shows
 All Heav'n at once, with ev'ry star that glows!

See how Belinda's soft enchanting eyes,
 Reflect th' empyreal azure of the skies;
 No tints on earth can with her cheeks compare,
 Than rose more blooming, more than lilly fair!

Mark how that field, which flow'rs in myriads grace,
Yields to the beauties of Clarissa's face;
Sweeter than new mown hay, her fragrant breath,
Whiter than new-shorn flocks her iv'ry teeth!

'The tuneful choir their warbling trills prolong,
And fain would imitate Lucinda's song;
'The soaring lark, high mounting, strains his throat,
And up to Heav'n, pursues her heavenly note!

Phœbus now sinking in the West is seen,
With smiles reflected from Louisa's mien;
Like her benign, with splendid beauties crown'd,
Kindly he sheds his beams on all around!

Luna, the fairest of the ev'ning train,
With borrow'd lustre holds her nightly reign;
Fairer than Cynthia is Amelia known,
Yet shines with lucid brightness, all her own!

What can compare to Julia, lovely maid!
Where'er she turns unnumber'd are at once display'd?
All Nature's beauties at her feet must fall,
She comprehends, yet far excels them all!

ON A YOUNG LADY WISHING TO ASCEND IN
AN AIR BALLOON.

FORBEAR, sweet girl, your scheme forego,
And thus our anxious troubles end ;
Swift you will mount, full well we know,
But greatly fear you'll not descend !

When angels see a mortal rise,
So beautiful, divine and fair ;
They'll not release you from the skies,
But keep their sister angel there !

ON THE TAX UPON HATS, WHEREBY EVERY
HAT ABOVE THE PRICE OF FOUR SHIL-
LINGS MUST PAY A DUTY AND BE STAMPED
WITH THE CROWN.

TO the Crown, what disgrace this new tax, Sir,
has brought on,
To many a fool what renown ;
For since tax upon hats was unluckily thought on,
How many calves heads wear the crown !

ON THE LUNARDI BONNET AND GARTERS
WORN BY THE LADIES.

FROM the head of each fair down as low as the
knee,

Thy dominions Lunardi are fixt ;
Not a monarch so rich, or so happy can be,
Since there's nought but an Eden betwixt !

ON A LATE DUEL BETWEEN A BAKER AND
AN UNDERTAKER, (SATIRICALLY SUPPOSED
TO HAVE BEEN OCCASIONED BY A CONTEN-
TION FOR ABSOLUTE DOMINION OVER THE
REST OF MANKIND.)

DEATH against life ! O why such strife,
My worthy undertaker ;
Life against death ! you're wrong i' faith,
Indeed, good master baker !

Black against white, why would'st thou fight,
O fable undertaker ?
White against black, good lack ! good lack !
Thou mealy dufty baker !

Let no farther dissentions between you be spread,
One shall take us whilst living, the other when dead !

ON

ON THE TAX UPON HORSES.

THO' the tax upon horses much treasure amasses,
'Twould be still more productive if laid upon asses !

ON BEING REPROVED BY AN OVER NICE PERSON
FOR WRITING A DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

IF in that light those lines you view,
Or chuse to make them bear that sense ;
My answer to all such as you,
Is — “ Honi soit qui mal y pense.”

H O P E.

WHEN Mis'ry drives her hapless child,
To some obscure recess ;
Where all is dreary, waste, and wild,
And all is wretchedness ;

Then hope, like Philomel at night,
Sits perch'd upon a thorn ;
And fills the gloom with soft delight,
To cheer the wretch forlorn !

His sorrows for a moment end,
 No more he feels his woes ;
 Sooth'd by this sweet enliv'ning friend,
 His breast admits repose !

Nor yet in sleep, her warb'lings cease,
 But then his thoughts beguile ;
 He dreams of plenty and of peace,
 And wakens with a smile !

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

TO ELIZA.

THE apple, as in justice due,
 To Venus was decided :
 If the fourth Goddess had been you,
 It must have been divided !

CUPID'S THRONE.

CUPID, at Heav'n's bar was tried,
 And sentenc'd on the earth to rove ;
 (In vain the charge the God denied,)
 For playing tricks with mighty Jove.

Before

Before he went, 'mongst other chat,

“ Where wilt thou dwell,” fair Venus cries ?

The little urchin answer'd pat,

“ Where should I, but in Celia's eyes ?”

“ And since old Ammon's destination,

“ Has sent me thus unkindly hence ;

“ On that bright throne I'll take my station,

“ And rule both Gods and men from thence !

CUPID'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CUPID one day would be a beau,

To Celia's toilet strait he flies ;

His wings he powders white as snow,

His looking-glass was Celia's eyes.

Scarce he began, when quite amaz'd,

Himself he sees, full oft reflected ;

Confus'd, the God his pinions rais'd,

And back to Heav'n his flight directed.

Wild, he exclaims to beauty's Queen,

As round he clasp'd his mother's knee ;

“ Mamma, in Celia's eyes I've seen,

“ A thousand Cupids just like me !”

E P I G R A M

ON AN OLD SHOE.

THROUGHOUT my life I've fore been prest,
And trampled under feet;
A stranger all my days to rest,
Or liberty so sweet!

But now I'm gone and quite decay'd,
Nor aught can me condole;
For he whose pow'r and wisdom made
Me, ——cannot save my sole!

E P I G R A M

ON A LOTTERY-OFFICE KEEPER'S ADVERTISEMENT,
ENTITLED "A NEW ROAD TO
RICHES."

THO' your "new road to riches" quite smooth
may appear,
Yet the turnpikes, believe me, are dev'lish dear!

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M

ON A PRUDE.

" I F man, that dread monster, but touch me I die,"
 Cries Prudentia, a fly and affected young prude ;
 Yet to Strephon last night, when she thought no
 one by,
 How faintly she whisper'd him not to be rude !

ON THE MODERN THESIS OF TRUTH BEING
 A LIBEL.

I N D E E D you flatter, Celia cries,
 You men are always full of lies :—
 " No faith sweet girl, I swear its true,
 " Nor aught on earth can equal you ?"

If true, says she, 'tis all the same,
 And you are still as much to blame ;
 For Mansfield proves, as clear as bible,
 Truth may be flatt'ry or a libel !

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M

ON A DULL WRITER.

SCRIBBLETONIUS, thy volumes whene'er we
peruse,
This idea they always infill ;
That you pilfer'd, felonious, the brains of a goose,
When you robb'd the poor bird of a quill !

THE BRITISH MOTTO.

“ HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.”

WHEN Britain acts by British laws,
And rules with British skill ;
Whoe'er for quarrel seeks a cause,
Or thinks her conduct ill ;
Her motto, should they take offence,
Is——Honi soit qui mal y pense !

But when Britannia's arms they dare,
And urge her to the fight ;
Or wage a base, vindictive war,
Her laurell'd crown to blight ;
Her sword shall then explain the sense,
Of—Honi soit qui mal y pense !

IMPROMPTU

I M P R O M P T U

ON THE AUKWARDNESS OF THE SCENE SHIFTERS,
IN REMOVING THR DEAD BODY OF
SEMPRONIUS, IN THE TRAGEDY OF CATO,
AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THY fate, Sempronius, I deplore,
Thou ne'er wast us'd so ill before ;
For tho' by Juba fully slaughter'd,
Thy corpse was drawn, and almost quarter'd !

THE AEROSTATIC FAIR.

"WHAT's that," "says Venus, "in the skies,
"Which shines so bright this afternoon ?
Young Cupid smil'd, and laughing cries,
" 'Tis Phillis in an air balloon !"

His the invention, Merc'ry feigns,
With damsels fair to furnish Jove ;
And save his godship future pains,
Of leaving Heav'n on earth to rove !

ANSWER TO AN ENIGMA PROPOSED BY A
LADY, AND SIGNED CELIA.

(SOLUTION GOLD.)

IF married, sweet poetic fair,
How happy he whose name you bear ;
If not, let ev'ry youth be told,
That Celia's worth her weight in gold !

E P I G R A M

ON A MISER.

MOSES, from Horeb water drew,
(With joy the people glow'd ;)
But had the flinty rock been you,
No water e'er had flow'd !

THE MYRTLE.

THE myrtle, pensive droop'd its head,
With piercing cold compress'd ;
When Julia pluck'd it, lovely maid,
And fix'd it in her breast.

Warm'd

Warm'd by her bosom's gentle heat,
Quickly each leaf revives ;
And intermixing sweet with sweet,
In that Arcadia lives.

No wonder then, thy Strephon glows,
With blifs beyond compare ;—
E'en vegetation lively grows,
As soon as planted there !

ON MR. — AND THE WIFE OF LORD —
BEING DETECTED TOGETHER IN A STONE
COFFIN, BELONGING TO SOME ARTIFICIAL
RUINS ON HIS LORDSHIP'S PREMISES.

SAYS death “ against Cupid an action I'll bring,”
“ For what ?” says the God of Love, scoffing—
“ For encroachment, you rōgue,” cries the grisly
King,
“ And playing your pranks in a coffin !”

I M P R O M P T U

ON THE NUMEROUS ELEGIES, &c. WRITTEN
ON THE DEATH OF DR. JOHNSON.

SCRIBBLERS forbear, your rhymes on Johnson cease,
For wilt you write, he cannot rest in peace !

E P I G R A M

E P I G R A M

TO CELIA STIRRING A DULL FIRE.

HOW very dull that spark must be,
Which Celia cannot raise ;
And stirr'd so oft, fair nymph by thee,
Refuses still to blaze !

E X T E M P O R E

ON AN ELDERLY LADY WEARING A LARGE
WREATH OF FLOWERS IN HER HEAD-DRESS.

DORCAS, bedeck'd with wreaths so gay,
This maxim should remember ;
That flow'rs adorn a smiling May,
But not a cold December !

TWO BLANKS TO A PRIZE.

I.

IN the lott'ry of life, lest dame Fortune beguile,
This great truth you should ever premise ;
That altho' the bright Goddesses may simper or smile,
She has always—two blanks to a prize !

II.

II.

If a husband you'd take, Miss,—or you, Sir, a wife,
 From this maxim divert not your eyes ;
 For of one, and the other, I'll venture my life,
 There are more than—two blanks to a prize !

III.

If in law you're entangled, why then silly man,
 As a friend give me leave to advise ;
 Slip your neck from the collar as fast as you can,
 There are fifty—two blanks to a prize !

IV.

And if for preferment you're striving at Court,
 Or by merit expect you shall rise ;
 Then your chance is not worth, Sir, three-fourths of
 a groat,
 There are ninety—two blanks to a prize !

F R O S T A N D S N O W .

HOW sharp the frost ! the snow how deep !

Rosina shiv'ring cries ;
 That wretch's fate I pitying weep,
 Who braves th' inclement skies.

D

Then

Then weep for me, for mine's the woe,
 Young Belville strait replies ;
 Your bosom is the driven snow,
 Your heart, alas, is ice !

I M P R O M P T U

ON A HANDSOME BAR-MAID.

NO wonder that the liquor vies
 With, nay all other far surpasses ;—
 'Tis drinking nectar from the skies,
 When Venus stands to fill the glasses !

L I N E S

ON SEEING THE PRINCESS ROYAL AT COVENT-
GARDEN THEATRE.

AS lesser di'monds round a brilliant plac'd,
 Receive its lustre and are doubly grac'd ;
 So India's gems on Albion's Princess shine,
 And borrow splendour from her rays divine,
 Herself the brilliant, beautiful and fair,
 Rich above price, and bright beyond compare !

ON THE DIRTY DRESS WORN BY JUPITER IN
THE BURLETTA OF MIDAS, AT COVENT-
GARDEN THEATRE, DEC. 13, 1784.

IS there no taylor in the skies,
That Jupiter so shabby goes?—
It ev'ry mortal must surprize,
That Jove should want a suit of cloaths!

But if no snips can there be found,
To cut the cloth, or none to tack it;
When next domestic jars resound,
Juno, I hope, will dust his jacket!

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SAM. JOHNSON.

WHEN borne to heav'n, the muse's arms between,
Had I, great Johnson, thine Elifha been,
Eager thy mantle I had caught, and then,
Inscrib'd a Johnson's fame with Johnson's pen!

But now, I dare not, impious, touch thy shrine,
With diction rude, or with unhallow'd line;
Yet though to silence aw'd, with grief sincere,
The infant muse shall think, and drop a tear!

E P I G R A M

ON A PEDANT.

ON verbs and nouns, Pedantus dwells,
To wit or sense his ears are shut ;
He only cracks and gnaws the shells,
Too learned he, to find the nut !

L I N E S

ON EARL TEMPLE, NOW MARQUIS OF BUCK-
INGHAM.

WHEN George, with honours Temple crown'd,
Approving plaudits echo'd round,
Throughout Britannia's isle ;
And from Hibernia's farthest shore,
Warm acclamations daily pour,
E'en foes on Temple smile !

True to thy King and Country's laws
A friend sincere to Britain's cause,
Her laurels thou hast won ;
Or in the senate, or at * Stowe,
May still thy patriot ardour glow,
A bright unclouded Sun !

* His Lordship's country seat.

THE

T H E T R I P.

EVE, when she fell from bliss to woe,
 Lost were her beauties or conceal'd :—
 A fairer Eve now falls, but lo !
 Thro' that what beauties are reveal'd !

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY AGED
 FOURTEEN.

BLOOMING with odorif'rous scent,
 And pleasing each beholder's eyes,
 This beauteous flow'r by Heav'n was lent,
 From out the garden of the skies.

Now, from this bourn by weeds o'ergrown,
 Where thorns spring up and mock our toil ;
 The husbandman demands his own,
 And plants her in her native soil.

There, shall eternal Summer glow,
 From tempest free, or noxious blast ;
 Her rip'ning blossoms there shall blow,
 Nor cease whilst Heav'n itself shall last !

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF AN AMIABLE YOUNG
LADY OF HAMPSTEAD,

NO scribbling sorrow, nor the Muse's tear,
Shall deck, fair girl, thy sad untimely bier,
Numbers may smoothly flow, but not sincere!

No lines but Nature's can thy mem'ry grace,
And those are written in the mourner's face;
Expressive there, this elegy we read,
"How lov'd whilst living, how lamented dead!"

E P I G R A M

ON MRS. ABINGTON ACCIDENTALLY FALL-
ING DOWN, WHILST PERFORMING HER
PART ON THE STAGE OF COVENT-GARDEN
THEATRE.

OF such faux pas, O Abington, beware,
(It grieves thy friends, ingratitude to see!)
How could'st thou, cruel, and ungenerous fair,
Fall on that stage, which long supported thee!

ON THE NUMEROUS EPITAPHS, &c. WRITTEN
ON THE DEATH OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON,
A MAN IN HIS LIFE TIME CRITICALLY
NICE IN POINT OF LITERATURE.

WHEN Gulliver lay prone on ground,
The Lilliputians throng'd around ;
Unnumber'd was the host that ran,
All o'er the great gigantic man !

So Johnson, now to earth laid down,
A second Gulliver is known ;
The Lilliputian poets pour,
Around his corpse in numbers more
Than e'er on paper scrawl'd before !

See one, Parnassus' flax entwines,
And binds him strongly down with lines ;
Others their bells poetic jingle,
And strive the Doctor's ears to tingle :
But O ! take heed, ye sons of Thumb,
Nor come so near to meet your doom ;
For should your noise be somewhat louder,
He'll wake, and grind you all to powder !

E P I G R A M

TO ELIZA.

IN Passion's flame, alas, I burn,
 Whilst you more happy freeze ;
 To love's bright torch thy breast, O! turn,
 And melting give me ease !

ON A YOUNG LADY SITTING AT CHURCH
 WITH HER BACK TO THE TEN COMMAND-
 MENTS.

"THOU shalt not steal," Moses expressly cries,
 To us that law his written code imparts ;
 But from those tables, Celia turns her eyes,
 And in defiance—steals our very hearts !

PHILOSOPHICAL EPIGRAM.

SAYS the Earth to the Moon, "you're a pilfering
 jade,
 "What you've stole from the Sun is beyond all
 belief ;"
 Fair Cynthia replies, "Madam Earth, hold your
 prate,
 "The receiver is always as bad as the thief!"

SONG

S O N G.

I AM NO HAND AT THAT.

I.

WHEN first with young Jockey I danc'd on the
plain,

Nought but love was the theme of his chat ;
Said he, my sweet maid, do not scoff at my pain,
“ Lord,” says I, “ I am no hand at that !”

II.

One day when I saw him give Phoebe a kiss,
Underneath yon green oak whilst they sat ;
I could not endure she should share in my bliss,
For I vow—“ I am no hand at that !”

III.

When he press'd me to wed him, nor time longer lose,
O ! my heart, how it went pit a pat ;
He ask'd me so sweetly, I could not refuse,
For indeed—“ I am no hand at that !”

EPIGRA.

E P I G R A M

ON THE OPPOSITION BETWEEN THE MAIL
AND BALLOON COACHES, FROM LONDON
TO BATH AND BRISTOL.

WRITTEN AT BATH.

'T WIXT the Mail and Balloon, what confusion
and pother,
(In swiftneſs each hopes to prevail,)
The men are divided 'twixt one and the other,
The ladies all vote for the *mail*!

ON THE NAME OF GEORGIUM SIDUS, GIVEN
BY MR. HERSCHEL TO HIS NEWLY DIS-
COVERED PLANET.

THE bard, great George, with endleſs fame may
crown,
And hail a King illuſtrious and benign;
To diſtant ages ſpread his bright renown,
And deck with George's name the flowing line.

Hercſchel has rais'd him to a nobler view,
(The muſe tho' lofty, ne'er could ſoar ſo high;)
From Heav'n's rich treasury, he a planet drew;
And wrote a George's name in yonder ſky!

E L E G Y.

E L E G Y.

NO more life's stream in ruddy circuits flows,
 Extinct and cold the genial vital heat;
 The breathless lungs now find a long repose,
 Nor can the heart it's wonted measures beat!

No more those cheeks are ting'd with roseate hue,
 No more the coral decks those lips with red;
 No more the di'monds in those eyes we view,
 No more around their brilliant rays are spread!

So dropt the sweetest flow'r in Nature's field,
 Pluck'd in her prime and in the glow of youth;
 How hard, my fair, thy life so soon to yield,
 How much I mourn thee, witness love and truth!

When o'er thy tomb my tears unnumber'd flow,
 When dry their source and eyes from moisture free;
 May every drop a weeping willow grow,
 And take their root, as sprang those tears—from
 thee!

And when each year their pensive branches shoot,
 Towards thy grave may all their leaves incline;
 And drooping, shed o'er thee, their wat'ry fruit,
 The tears be theirs—the sorrow shall be mine!

SONG

S O N G.

WRITTEN AT TWYFORD IN HAMPSHIRE.

TUNE—"WHEN WILLIAM AT EVE."

WHEN Nature all bounteous divided her store
Her regard to fair Twyford was strong ;
With her richest productions, she deck'd it all o'er,
And a stream to glide sweetly along.

Whilst the linnet, the lark, and the nightingale join,
To melodiously warble their song,
The roses and lillies their fragrance combine,
And the stream glides more sweetly along.

Here, each nymph and each swain, with a good
humour'd smile,
Walk by moon-light yon meadows among ;
And of day they forget all the labour and toil,
Whilst the stream glides so sweetly along !

THE ENRAG'D CLIENT READING HIS LAW-
YER'S BILL.

INDEED, profound and learned Sir,
You value high your great sense ;
Your close seal'd lips you cannot stir,
But out flies six and eightpence !

To

To see a lawyer out of hell,
 Doth fore I own provoke me ;
 You've left me nothing but the shell—
 Pray God the oyfter choak ye !

E P I G R A M

ON CHANCE.

GOOD God ! cries madam with a frown,
 What havock since I've been from town !
 'Two faucers broke ! and three best glasses !
 O ! what a pack of carelefs asses !
 That trinket too !—(quite new from France)
 " Lord ! Madam, they were broke by chance."

What ! chance again ! She's always here ;
 (The very name I cannot bear ;)
 So often doth that jade offend,
 I wish she'd now begin—to mend !

ON MR. WALKER'S PHILOSOPHICAL LECTURES.

WHEN Walker shews us Nature's sov'reign laws,
 Pleas'd, we behold one great eternal cause ;
 Trace him to yonder systems of the skies,
 And hail a God, omnipotent and wise ;
 See order reign with majesty and grace,
 Throughout the regions of unbounded space !

Nor doth our admiration less prevail,
 When taught to view him, in a smaller scale;
 Amaz'd with microscopic aid we see,
 The great minutiae of the Deity!
 Myriads of living atoms crowd the sight,
 And strike our eyes with rapture and delight;
 Whilst all his works (perfection knows no mean)
 Are highest finish'd, where they're most unseen!

To sense, tho' veil'd, may ne'er the tardy muse,
 The grateful tribute of her lays refuse;
 But when with knowledge, arrogance is join'd,
 No pedant's brows, her laurels e'er shall bind!
 In Walker's mien, we modest worth discern,
 Who whilst he teaches, seems himself to learn;
 With manners affable, and accents mild,
 As Gay was once, so now be Walker stil'd,
 "In sense a man, simplicity a child!"

I M P R O M P T U

ON A SLEEPY PREACHER.

SO slow the words from Nathan crept,
 I turn'd to see if Nathan slept;—
 The joys of Heav'n, and pains of hell,
 Ev'n Morpheus had describ'd as well!
 The text which he enforces best,
 Is "Sleep on now and take your rest."

LOUISA

LOUISA TO FERDINAND.

HOWE'ER you use your sex's art,
 And ev'ry subtle wile display,
 Against them all I'll steel my heart,
 Nor yield it to your snares a prey :
 Not oaths or promises your truth can bind,
 Fickle, inconstant as the changing wind !

FERDINAND TO LOUISA IN REPLY.

TAKE from your cheeks their rosy hue,
 And white that with the lilly vies ;
 Take from your lips th' ambrosial dew,
 And take those Cupids from your eyes :
 Then, only then, thy Ferdinand can prove,
 Faithless to thee, and to his plighted love !

E P I G R A M

ON JOSEPH AND POTIPHAR'S WIFE.

THO' wives like Potiphar's there's plenty,
 Who're sometimes wantonly inclin'd ;
 Yet still, to one I'll hold you twenty,
 You don't another Joseph find !

IMPROMPTU

I M P R O M P T U

TO THE AUTHOR OF A NEW PLAY CALLED
DECEPTION, WHICH WAS DAMN'D ON THE
FIRST PERFORMANCE.

HAD your play been perform'd, Sir, whilst
Charley presided,
'Twould have met with a kinder reception ;
But since Administration by Pitt has been guided,
'Tis a maxim to damn all deception !

E P I G R A M

ON THE LEARNED PIG.

THO' learned asses, calves and owls,
You'll find in many a pedant prig ;
How wonderful that all our schools,
Only produce *one* learned pig !

I M P R O M P T U

TO CELIA WEARING A BREAST-KNOT OF
CELESTIAL BLUE RIBBON.

CELESTIAL, dear girl, is a name rightly given,
For fix'd on your bosom 'tis sealed in Heaven !

ON THE DANCE PERFORMED AT COVENT
GARDEN THEATRE CALLED

" A NEW WAY OF WOOING."

THERE's a dance just come out at the play-house,
says Sue,

'Tis " a new way of wooing" I'm told ;

Brisk Kitty replies " let who will take the *new*,

" So I've but enough of the *old* !"

ON A COLD FROSTY DAY IN APRIL.

TO SYLVIA.

WINTER e'er now we hop'd would end,

But all, alas, is chill ;

Rude Boreas blows, the snows descend,

And lakes are frozen still.

So you, fair maid, I hop'd to prove,

An April morning bright ;

But found you to my ardent love,

Cold as a wint'ry night !

In pity now, O let thy breast,
 With love's warm ardor glow ;
 Nor stand an icicle confest—
 A spring bedeck'd with snow !

Let those bright suns thy face adorn,
 With smiles serene and gay ;
 And cheer thy Strephon's heart forlorn,
 With their unclouded ray !

CUPID AND PLUTUS.

CUPID would once a bauble buy,
 But short of cash—says he “ I'll try
 “ Of Plutus some to borrow :”—
 Plutus replies, “ I none e'er lend,
 “ But yet I'll give you, as a friend,
 “ A guinea for each arrow.”

The little urchin saw with pain,
 His object he could ne'er obtain,
 But at so dear a rate ;
 However loth, yet still he parts
 With all his quiver full of darts,
 Then griev'd, but, ah ! too late,

Plutus

Plutus well pleas'd, now laugh'd aloud,
And by the river Styx he vow'd
To ruin soon the God ;
(For long had love o'er sordid gain
Held in each lover's heart the reign,
And all its pow'r withstood.)

So said, in gold he dips each dart,
And swift to ev'ry youthful heart,
The gilded arrow flies ;
Old Plutus now they all obey,
And whilst they own *his* sov'reign sway,
The God of *Love* despise !

THE KISS.

SAY whence this soft enchanting bliss,
Which thrills extatic thro' each pore ?
O Sylvia 'tis thy balmy kiss,
(Sweet earnest of a thousand more !)

Then, lovely maid, no more be coy,
Nor keep in chains thy Colinet ;
Or grant the yet untasted joy,
Or teach the former to forget !

E P I G R A M

ON A PERSON FINDING FAULT WITH SOME
LINES, THE MEANING OF WHICH HE DID
NOT COMPREHEND.

THOSE lines I vow, cries stupid Jack,
Both wit and humour greatly lack;
The writer's sure a silly ass,
Who would for sense such folly pass.—
Thus Jack concludes with critic fury,
Himself the counsel, judge, and jury;
But yet, from evidence 'tis plain,
The fault was in the *reader's* brain!

ON THE LEARNED PIG.

MY dear Miss Prue, cries Lady Fig,
What think you of the learned pig?
O name (says Prue) the *pig* no more,
He's now become a monstrous *bore*!

I M P R O M P T U

ON HEARING OF A FRIEND BEING DAN-
GEROUSLY ILL WITH THE GOUT IN HIS
STOMACH.

MAY Heav'n far off the vile intruder send,
Companion bad—but dangerous *bosom* friend!

L I N E S

ON SEEING A VERY INDIFFERENT PICTURE
OF VENUS AND CUPID IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY
EXHIBITION.

SUCH a Venus and Cupid no artist e'er drew,
(Sure there's none will confess him a brother;)
It is plain that the painter, poor soul, never knew,
'Thro' his life-time, the one or the other!

But if PARIS, dear Daub, the reflection should see,
On his judgment, held up in that glass;
As Apollo or Midas, so he, Sir, on thee,
Would bestow the long ears of an ass!

Yet hold—for perhaps by old Vulcan he's see'd,
To disguise the bright Goddess all o'er;
In hopes that the Gods from enticement now free'd,
Will desert, and ne'er cuckold him more!

L I N E S

ON MR. PITT.

AS when bright Sol has left our dazzled eyes,
 We trace his footsteps in the western skies ;
 So when young Pitt his eloquence displays,
 We trace with joy great Chatham's parting rays :
 With patriot fire his youthful bosom glows,
 (Born to alleviate his country's woes !)
 There wit, sense, truth, and honesty have met,
 To cheer Britannia tho' her *Sun* be set !

ON HEARING AN ECHO SONG, PERFORMED
 AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, WREREIN THE
 ECHO WAS LOUDER THAN THE VOICE.

ECHO was once a maid so coy,
 Whene'er invok'd she scarce replied ;
 Nor could we long that bliss enjoy,
 Her faint responses quickly died.

Her tongue the nymph no longer spares,
 Like other females bolder grown ;
 She lays aside those prudish *airs*,
 And answers in a louder tone !

M A N.

M A N S L A U G H T E R.

AMINTOR, once a youth jocund,
 Brisk, lively, gay, and smart;
 From Celia's eyes receiv'd a wound,
 Which pierc'd him to the heart.

Much he implor'd, but nought could move,
 She heard him with disdain;
 He droop'd and pin'd with hopeless love,
 Till death reliev'd his pain.

His friends, who justly vengeance vow'd,
 For Celia's cruel sport;
 Of "murder" strait accus'd her loud,
 And brought her into Court.

The damsel seiz'd with dread alarm,
 Swore by her truth and faith,
 The youth she never meant to harm,
 'Twas "accidental death."

The Jury who with pity mov'd,
 Allow'd the maid some quarter;
 As "wilful murder" was not prov'd,
 They brought it in—"man-slaughter!"

E P I G R A M

E P I G R A M

ON THE DEATH OF THE NOTED SAM. HOUSE,
A STAUNCH FRIEND TO THE COALITION
INTEREST.

TO th' interest once of coalition,
Sam House was strongly knit ;
But having chang'd his disposition,
He now is in the *Pit* !—

INSCRIPTION FOR SAM. HOUSE'S TOMBSTONE.

SINCE Fox's *House* is in this hole,
O ! why will Reynard roam ?
The State would bless sweet Charley's soul,
If he'd but keep at home !

E P I T A P H

ON A STAYMAKER.

ALIVE, unnumber'd stays he made,
(He work'd industrious night and day ;) L
Ev'n dead he still pursues his trade,
For here his bones will make a stay !

D I T T O

D I T T O.

ON AN OLD MAN BY THE CHRISTIAN NAME
OF NICHOLAS.

THERE rests hard by this church-yard wall,
The sinful body of old Nick;
Who tempted many an Eve to fall,
And play'd them many a slipp'ry trick.

But now the priest old Nick has laid,
Fast bound in yon deep-murky hole;
And could you think it? kindly pray'd,
That Heav'n at last would save his soul!

D I T T O.

ON A TAYLOR.

HERE lies a snip,
Whom Death did nip,
And ah, cut out too clever;
With his long sheers,
He clipt his years,
And cabbag'd him for ever!

D I T T O

ON A DYER.

BELOW this turf a man doth lie,
Who dyed to live, and liv'd to die!

D I T T O

ON A BAKER.

BENEATH this stone here lies old Crusty,
 Who whilst he liv'd was fat and crummy ;
 His bread, alas ! is now turn'd musty,
 His dough is kneaded quite to mummy ;
 May flowers from out his dust now spring,
 His elegy let crickets sing !

From this, my friends, a warning's held out,
 (That all must die there's no denying ;)
 For tho' the staff of life he dealt out,
 He could not prop himself from dying ;
 When Death appear'd he could not brave him,
 His staff was broke, and nought could save him !

D I T T O

ON AN UNDERTAKER.

SABLE at length resigns his breath,
 Who liv'd for many years on Death ;
 To him the tyrant had no terrors,
 (He scorn'd those idle vulgar errors :)
 He

He follow'd him where'er he found him,
 Nor car'd tho' hundreds died around him;
 But like a Squire upon the plain,
 He bore away his master's slain;
 No deed so black but for his sake,
 He ev'ry day would undertake:
 For why, he knew him in the end,
 A most sincere and faithful friend;
 Nor had his wants been e'er supplied,
 Had he his friendly aid denied.—
 Death, who had long his service known,
 And far too gen'rous to disown;
 Now bade his toils and labours cease,
 And call'd him home to rest in peace!

P R O L O G U E

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

TO you, ye fair, who shine serenely bright,
 And fill with various charms our ravish'd fight,
 From whose sweet forms angelic radiance pours,
 And brings a Heav'n within these favour'd doors,
 To you our author would his cause submit,
 (Patrons of taste, of sentiment and wit;)
 Your grace he courts, he dares not hope your praise,
 That would too high his flutt'ring spirits raise;

But

But if you grant him one indulgent smile,
 You amply pay his literary toil :
 That smile transmitted to each manly heart,
 It's soft persuasion will to them impart ;
 Like Phœbus who reflects from yonder moon,
 Refulgent beams that make e'en midnight, noon ;
 So they (our Cynthia) will to us convey
 The emanations from your solar ray :
 Unless, indeed, with frowning angry mien,
 Some critic cloud should darkly intervene ;
 Our poet then to his poor hut must run,
 Th' impending horrors of the storm to shun :—
 But flee those fears, for all around at present,
 The atmosphere is clear, serene and pleasant !

Young men, we know, your smiles will always move,
 Your looks they'll watch and each kind glance
 improve ;
 The elders too will own your potent sway,
 And bow submissive, happy to obey ;
 All married men your pow'r must frankly own,
 When the wife smiles what husband dares to frown ?
 And e'en the *Gods* by female softness won,
 Will cheer our bard from their exalted throne ;
 With thund'ring plaudits then they'll shake the
 spheres,
 Dispel his doubts, and banish all his fears ;

So

So shall our LOT, tho' you in safety dwell,
Redeem'd by angels from a critic's hell!

And should e'en condemnation be his doom,
The sentence milder from your lips will come ;
For whilst the wretch you to his fate resign,
Your sparkling eyes will then with pity shine,
And cast o'er justice, Mercy's robe divine. }

[To the male part of the audience.]

Yet no offence, kind Sirs, we hope you'll feel,
Whilst we from you to that bright court appeal ;
To you addressees numerous have been made,
You heard, approv'd, and liberally paid ;
This once forgive us if we turn our hand,
And seek protection from a softer band.
Besides, one truth there yet remains untold,
For this appeal the motive 'twill unfold ;
Of Lords and Commons much our bard afraid is,
So rests his cause with this fair—House of Ladies.

F I N I S.



21 SEP 87

